

“THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.”—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

DISUSE OF THE ATHANASIAN CREED.—Two valuable papers, “Prize Essays,” on the above have just been published by the Unitarian Association. Price of the two, one shilling, post free. Address, H. Y. Brace, 37, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

THE REV. EDWARD AUSTIN.—This gentleman, the compiler of the New Church or Swedenborgian Almanac, has recently attended and spoken at Unitarian meetings in London with great power and kindness. He is worthy of an invitation to all our meetings.

QUID DATUR ULTRA?—A curate—a “thorough Churchman”—is wanted for a parish in the diocese of Lichfield. The advantages of the position are thus summarised:—“Beautiful church, surpliced choir, choral services, daily prayers, weekly celebration.”—*Church Times*.

THE PEACEMAKERS.—The body of Mr. Guibord has been interred at last in the Roman Catholic cemetery. The priests take some credit in this being done without a riot. But the military and the police of Montreal know who bespoke peace. The police had one hundred breech-loading rifles, and the soldiers were all under arms.

A PROPER CORRECTION.—The *National Reformer* (Secularist and Atheist) says:—“We received from Mr. Dixon, Unitarian minister at Hull, a sermon which is a streak of dawn. Mr. Dixon is a liberal-hearted man, who speaks out boldly anything that he thinks worth saying, and who is remarkably free from dogmatic fetters. He defines Unitarianism as unity of action between men, and not a proclamation of the unity of God. Of course his position is utterly untenable from the historical point of view, and we cannot but regard it as an error in tactics to use a word which has a generally accepted meaning in an entirely new sense, and claim that as the real meaning of the word. This fashion is the source of endless confusion.”

THE SUCCESS OF A CHURCH.—The Rev. Dr. Morrison, of Boston, recently addressed a gathering of Unitarians in London. He said they had found out among the Unitarian churches of America that they best succeeded which had humble, earnest, religious-minded men, who kept on at their own church work. The sensational business had done little or nothing for them there, and he presumed would do little for us here. He is right.

THE CREED OF THE FUTURE.—In *Fraser's Magazine* there are a few lines which very properly say, do not boast of scepticism, because some sceptics are good men. They have enjoyed, as the poet hints, a religious heritage. Their parents left them a moral capital they are wasting, and they will leave nothing of it for their children. They are worth repeating—

“I don't believe in either God or Man.
Conscious Automata, we nothing can,
Save as our atoms feel tyrannic chance;
All is heredity and circumstance.
Conscience—*Freewill*—absurd! And if
you ask,
How on these terms fulfil life's daily
task?
What motives? And what conduct?—look
at me:
One more respectable you'll scarcely see.
As family-man, friend, citizen, professor,
Be you, or public judgment, my assessor.”
“Good, my dear sir!—but we must wait, I
doubt,
To notice how your grandchildren turn
out;
Born in the doctrine, reared upon the
plan
Of total disbelief in God and Man.
Let this experiment be fairly made,
Nor Science mourn, by her high priests
Letrayed;
Oh, let her teach them, from their tenderest
youth,
The Truth, the whole Truth, nothing but
the Truth—
Material Atoms, and Mechanic Force;
And send the boys and girl's rejoicing on
their course!”

KEEP AT WORK.—After a great snow-storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow-bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with. "How do you intend to get through that drift?" asked a man, passing along. "By keeping at it," said the boy, cheerfully; "that's how!" That is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard task is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or hard it is, but go at it; and little by little it will grow smaller and smaller until it is done.

ANOTHER SCENE AT LLANELLY.—Another fearful row, led on by a Unitarian minister, has taken place at a Unitarian lecture at Llanelly. The Rev. John Davies, the Unitarian lecturer, escaped from the hall by climbing over a wall, or he might have been killed. Four hundred infuriated people ran after the editor of the *Llanelly Guardian*, because he had begged that the Unitarians might have fair play. Another party did harm to a man that was met in the streets because he resembled in appearance the editor. We may call this a theological Iron Duke and Vanguard among a people in a fog. Fortunately for us all our Vanguard escaped. The papers of this district, and London papers as well, chastise this kind of orthodox, proving their doctrines by blows and knocks.

HOW LONG.—Every Protestant may say how long is this to last in the English such scenes as is recorded by the correspondent of a Church paper:—"Happening to be present at St. Vedast, Foster-lane, Cheap-side, last Sunday, I heard the most disgraceful sermon which it has ever been my lot to listen to, even in a Ritualistic church. Sunday was the first day since the reading desk and pews were restored to their original condition. The sight of this reading-desk worked the preacher, the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, into a great passion. He informed the churchwardens from the pulpit, that he intended to use the reading-desk as a 'confessional-box,' and begged all communicants to make use of the 'Sacrament of Penance,' as he termed it. He then began to call the churchwardens all manner of names, telling them they ought to be classed with 'adulterers, whoremongers, and murderers.' He said that he and the rector would not be put down by anyone, but should have whatever Ritual they chose. He actually read an account of the burning of Servetus, by Calvin, in order to attempt to prove by this that 'Protestants are, and always have been, persecutors.' He also made the statement that 'Cain was the first Protestant.'"

MINISTERS' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—This society (Unitarian) disbursed in 1875 nearly £1000 among ministers and their families. A great boon to many families. Subscriptions can be sent to Timothy Kenrick, Esq., Edgbaston, Birmingham.

WORSE THAN A NOTHINGARIAN.—The Rev. A. Picton, of Hackney, has been delivering lectures on "Unreasonable Men." He said that two gentlemen were overheard reading one of his placards, and when they came to the word Nothingarian, one of them said, "This will be a description of himself, I presume!" "Oh, no," said the other, "he is much worse than a Nothingarian. He is a Unitarian." And so, after all, this is the impression in many minds, that the worst of all things here below is Unitarianism. Is there nothing for Unitarian churches to do?

THE BURIALS BILL.—To us some of the reasons urged as *grave* reasons for refusing Dissenters the right of conducting a funeral service in parish churchyards are amusing. Canon Ryle says, "The grievance inflicted on clerks and sextons, in particular, would be *very heavy*. They are often quiet, steady, God-fearing, conscientious Churchmen, who have no sympathy with Dissenting services, and would abhor the idea of attending Popish or Socinian worship. Yet under Mr. Morgan's bill these unfortunate men will often be obliged to stand by and listen to a funeral service which they conscientiously disapprove. If this is not a real grievance, I know not what is!" It would really be a new era in the lives of these officials to listen to the sympathising words Dissenting ministers in general offer at the side of the grave.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—The following incident of the recent floods in France is as touching an illustration of the power of a mother's love as any of the books contain:—"At Castelxarrasin a young mother took her two infants (twins at the breast), tied them together and placed them in a large wooden trough used for kneading bread, and committed it to the waves, hoping that it would save her children's lives, as she felt that her house was about to fall. The improvised boat swam safely for a time, but soon afterwards the current dashed it against the trunk of a tree, where it was broken. The poor woman, to whom maternal love gave a superhuman force, succeeded in seizing a branch and climbed into the tree. But it was too weak, and began to crack ominously. She then rapidly tied the infants to a branch, kissed them, made the sign of the cross, and leaped into the waves. The little twins were saved, but the devoted mother was drowned."

BITTER AND UNJUST.—The Rev. Henry Clarke recently engaged the Norwood Institute for a Unitarian Lecture. Printed placards, &c., for his lecture. He went to fulfil his engagement, and he was refused the use of the hall. We hear, some of the officials have resigned in consequence of this. Mr. Clarke does not intend to pursue them at law for expenses.

PUBLIC MORALS.—The Bishop of Manchester, in the course of a recent sermon, said the public mind was distempered at present and craved after the startling and the revolting. The tone of political parties seemed to him to be sensibly lower—to have become, he meant, more partisan and less patriotic. Then, as to religion, it had degenerated largely into controversy. Superstition on the one hand, and infidelity on the other, were creeping stealthily forward, and occupying hearts where once burned, or seemed to burn, the flame of a sober and rational piety; and yet there was an aching sense in men's hearts of a great void which all these things could not fill.

AN IMMERSION NEEDED.—We are informed that the rector of Llanelly, in South Wales, has recently been preaching on immersion. Before the sermon the rector immersed three men in the river Pferws, in the presence of some six hundred persons. With this practical illustration of the "primitive mode," he preached from the text, "For as many of you as have been baptised unto Christ have put on Christ," and proceeded to show that although immersion was not often administered in the Episcopal Church, it was sanctioned by the rubrics and must be practised when required. If he could have immersed the thousand people gathered at the Athenæum who so raged against Mr. Davis, it might have been a real advantage to them and to the peace of Llanelly.

HAVE AT THEM.—There is a fearless article in a Jewish paper. It may be read with some advantage by our people as well as by our Unitarian brethren the Jews. At least these lines may: "Our pride is that we are Jews, and yet we act as if we were ashamed of it. We build the temples and synagogues, and we visit them but once a year. We strive for pews, and do not fill them. We struggle for organs and do not listen to them. We pay high salaries to our preachers, and never attend their ministrations. We advocate progress and reform, and go backward. Yes, the Judaism of the average modern Israelite is a mere pretension, a sham, a hollow mockery and a delusion—from the sole of the foot even unto the head, there is no soundness in it and we know it."

A STARTLING FACT.—The criminal part of the Catholic population in Scotland is over 37 per 1000; and that of the rest of the population a little over 7 per 1000.

NO WISER THAN OF YORE.—The *Independent* says, "We fear those persons are not entirely wrong who claim that the Catholic Church has not abandoned its ancient policy."

ONLY TWO SORTS.—An old minister says, after much experience, "I have come to divide all church members into two classes. Fair-weather Christians and storm-proof Christians."

NINE MILLIONS OF WITCHES.—In his "Life of Mabommed," Dr. Sprenger computes the entire number of persons who have been burned as witches during the Christian epoch at nine millions!

A DISSENTING COLLEGE.—Our Presbyterian forefather, Mr. Samuel Jones, educated at the Gloucester Academy amongst his ministerial students, not only Chandler, Lardner, and Jeremiah Jones, great Presbyterian divines, but also three men who afterwards became respectively Bishop of Durham, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland—Dr. Butler, Dr. Secker, and Lord Bowes.

THE TRINITY IN TREATIES.—In its review of "a stately volume" prepared by Secretary Fish, and including all the treaties concluded between the United States and other Powers since July 4, 1776, *Appleton's Journal* says:—"Nor is it uninteresting to notice in how many of these treaties good Unitarians like Mr. Webster and the Adamses merged their individual theology in the general belief, and solemnly commenced the articles 'in the name of the Most Holy and Indivisible Trinity.'" Till now we were not aware that the eminent statesman Webster was a Unitarian. Can any one inform us if the above is correct?

A PRACTICAL HINT.—Whenever a person claims to speak authoritatively with respect to organisations, it is highly important that he should have organised something successfully in the course of his life. Some of the great oracles of this kind, always ready with speeches and essays on their favourite theme, have never been able to organise even a Sunday-school or a Bible-class that could live six months. It is equally important that ministers who undertake to tell what kind of preaching is needed to build up a Christian Church—meaning, of course, their kind—should be able to point to strong and hopeful societies as the product of their own labours and the proof of their own wisdom. Dilapidated structures are singular illustrations of enduring architecture.

TOLD BY THE FIRELIGHT.

EMILY PALMER MEYER.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

I HAD a grandmother.

"So had I," says one; "so have I," says another.

But not such a grandmother as mine was, my dears, so sunny, loving, and unselfish. At least I thought so then, when I sat at her feet many years ago, an unquiet child, reaching out restless hands after everything which lay out of my way, and beyond the comprehension of my girlish years—questioning and doubting, crediting fully only what fell from my grandmother's lips, and waiting patiently for the revelations of time only when she bade me wait.

I thought so then, a child upon the threshold of life, to whom everything was vivid and real; and I have not changed my opinion since, although my grandmother's wise teachings have made me juster in my opinions of men, and years and strange lands have shown me none worse and few so good, as my swift conclusions of long ago made them.

To be sure she was old and wrinkled at the time of which I write. But then her blue eyes were so bright and glad, her sympathy with her grandchildren's daily joys and sorrows was so active, her patience with our faults so enduring, and her reproofs at last so rigorous and indignant, that we never thought to count her years.

Grandmother lived in a small brown house, at the edge of the town, with a tiny garden and grass plot in front, and beyond the silvery beach and sparkling ocean.

And while I see the heaving of the great blue ocean, and taste its invigorating salt breath upon my lips, I seem to hear grandma call out from the open window—

"Only one or two, Annie. My flowers are like the pleasures of life, child; they are scanty and frail. If you pluck them all this sunny morning, when mere living is sufficient pleasure, you will have nothing but the bare stalks to-morrow, when the fog lies dense upon the downs and the sea beats lonesomely against the beach."

Oh! it is rare joy to gather the pearls of wisdom which dear, departed lips scattered profusely in our childish laps. They are of priceless worth.

But bitter and mournful are the memories of warnings unheeded, of counsellings which failed, through fault of ours to guard us from life's clustering follies.

Grandmother's sitting-room was a large south room, with three windows looking out upon the beach and restless ocean. It might seem cheerless to me now, this wide expanse of white sand, pale and scanty grass and blue ocean, for I have since lived besides a narrow, rushing stream, in a fertile valley and under the shadow of castled hills. But at that time, all my restless longings harmonised with the measureless ocean, and my hopes were of a like oneness and limitlessness with the shore and sea.

Grandma's sitting-room was as sunny and cheery as her mood.

She clung to the last to the open fireplace. "None but true and trusting hearts can cluster round a sparkling fire," she said. "A heart which is heavily laden cannot long resist the charm of the growing and lessening flames. It must impart its sorrows to another, and confiding lessens them. And a false heart cannot watch the ascending sparks, without feeling that they are hurrying up the chimney and out into the night to betray his baseness."

This was grandma's theory about her fireplace, and we children stood valiantly at her side in the battle against any innovation of the same.

But who were *we* to whom I have alluded?

We were four girls who grew up in the sunshine of grandma's goodness. I say *grew*, for no matter how much we had learned, or worked, or played, through the day, the true growth seemed to come upon us when we crouched upon our seats before the blazing fire and at grandmother's feet.

Our ages ranged from fourteen to eighteen in the last winter of her life. It was during those winter evenings that, as if feeling that it might be her last opportunity of moulding our characters

for future good, she gathered up her failing energies and sowed in our sensitive hearts the seeds of her rich experience and calm wisdom. Sitting beside her pleasant fire while the storm brooded sullenly over the dark blue ocean, and the grey clouds hung low in the sky, she arranged her abundant materials for orderly relation in the evening.

"Grandma," said I one evening, "you did not always live here. Tell me something which happened long ago when you were young and in the busy world."

She folded her hands upon her knitting bag and gazed long into the dancing flames. We felt sure the story would be forthcoming, and coiled ourselves upon the rug at each side of the fireplace.

It was a hot, breathless day, she said. The light sea breeze, which at other times tempered the heat, lay asleep upon the glassy waves. Men walked up and down the strand with uncomfortable forebodings of ill. The fishermen left off mending their nets, and turning their moistened hands in every direction of the compass, sought anxiously for a rising breeze.

"When the storm breaks they are lost if the wind blows shoreward and drives them upon the flats," said one.

"They know their danger," said another. "How they crowd their sails to escape the danger which lurks under the paler blue of the ocean yonder. May they live to tell of their fear of our inhospitable shores. God help them!"

Since early dawn a ship had hovered in the horizon like a seamew. Only our experienced sailors could see at that great distance, that one sail after the other had been spread as the day advanced and the danger grew, till the stately ship seemed to be a white cloud clambering up the sky.

All that long sultry day there was no work done on the strand. Men walked silently back and forth, pausing often to peer through their hollow hands at the ship which lay afar off in a charmed circle and could not flee.

There was not much spoken that day. Brave men of strong nerve are sparing of words in sight of danger. All their desires are concentrated into one query,

"Can we save?" and all their energies are intently awake listening for the call, "Now is the moment," which leaps up out of their own ready hearts. But very frequent that day was the whispered "God help them," in sight of the threatening ocean, and very vivid was the feeling of human weakness before the All-Power in the universe.

The last rays of the setting sun reddened dully the broad, flat ocean and flushed the still ship. Then the darkness came down swift and dense, and before the stars could glide into their accustomed places the storm burst. We could not see the ship in the offing because of the darkness, but we knew by the wind that blew wildly shoreward what the end would be.

Most of our men retreated to their houses, for they were not needed yet. As I sat at the window in this dark room, I saw a few standing motionless upon yonder cliff, gazing southward. They were some of our younger men whose hot blood could not brook the stillness of the houses. They stood upon the forward watch eager to grapple with the elements, and the frequent lightning which outlined them against the sky revealed to them the fated ship now sinking helplessly in the trough of the sea, now trembling upon the crest of the wave, but always driving with a mathematical certainty right down to the shoals.

And how the storm raged! in many a year there had not been such weather! Like demoniac passions the waves hurried shoreward, one chasing the other, formless, breathless, a black and white mass of waves, sending long tongues licking into the pale grass.

There were two young men whom I must describe to you before I tell you what part they played that night. They were Mark and Henry Chase, twin brothers. They were fine specimens of our seashore humanity—tall, muscular, and lithe. Their faces were bronzed by the salt winds and hot summer suns, but they were pleasant, honest, faces, and their eyes (the one had blue, the other brown) had a free and fearless glance.

They were called "the stormy petrels" all along the coast, for their

restless nature craved action and danger. When the waves did not threaten complete overthrow they would put out in their little boat, and with the strong beat of their oars send it skimming over the foam-crested waves. There were even fishermen on the strand who asserted that they could recognise the petrels' boat even in the densest fog by the rapidly nearing sound of their oars and their long, powerful sweep.

They were the most harmonious of brothers and were always seen together, each holding faithfully to the other even in the trifles of life. At the time of which I speak they were eighteen years old, had been a short voyage to sea, and were now at home waiting for another berth. They were restless and quick to anger, rather rough and unschooled. Faults of children, but faults of youth, which life almost always corrects if the germs of the character be unselfish and noble.

The constant lightning showed us every movement of the ship. Swifter and nearer she came down to the shoals. More frequently and appalling boomed the signal gun. At last she struck. I fancied I heard above all the howling of the storm, the dull thump with which she struck upon the treacherous sand bank. I seemed to see the terrified shiver which ran through her frame as she paused for the space of a thought, poised upon her keel. Then she broke in two. Each half was dashed a few times upon the shoals, and then the fragments floated over into the deeper water between the shoal and the shore.

The moment had arrived when our brave sailors could possibly save some persons from the wreck. The first boat which was put out swamped, and the sturdy fellows were driven ashore again, only Mark and Henry Chase, who bore so proudly the name of stormy petrels, struck out towards the fragments of the wreck which tossed about upon the billows.

The second boat was launched successfully, and giving the swimmers a wide berth, struggled eagerly, aided by the lightning, for human beings who were clinging still to spars and planks. They picked up a few, as I learned afterwards, but by far the greater

number went to sleep that night deep under the wild waves upon the swaying sea weeds.

Mark and Henry Chase while struggling desperately with the angry waves had caught sight of a human being clinging to a cask, whose white tossing drapery showed her to be a woman.

Grasping at last the half conscious figure which clung only instinctively to the cask, they held it fast with their brawny arms and with a mutual impulse turned landward again. A huge wave dashed them upon the beach, where, burying hands and feet into the wet sand, they escaped the powerful undertow. They were saved. Holding my flickering lantern close to her face, I saw that it was a young girl of not more than sixteen years.

"Bring her quickly to my house," I cried, "it is the nearest. If there is still a little life in her we may save her."

"I felt her hand move upon my arm," said Mark, "she is not dead."

The young men clasped her in their muscular arms, and though impeded by their wet clothes and almost exhausted by their struggle with the elements, toiled through the deep sand to my house. Walking beside them I held the lantern close to her upturned face, upon which the rain fell so pitilessly. They were fine girlish features of wonderful beauty. Her black hair, which the beat of the waves had loosed from its braids and was heavy with salt water, trailed all the way over the wet sand.

"If her eyes match this hair, how beautiful they must be," I exclaimed. "But shall we ever see their light, Mark?"

Henry, in whose arms her head lay, gazed tenderly at the black fringed lids and said, "Poor child, she must live," and pressed her closer to his broad breast in his anxiety.

We laid her upon my bed, and the young men stood motionless, charmed by the sweet face.

Sitting beside her bed I listened all night to the occasional tramp of men carrying the living and the dead to their hospitable homes. At last I fell asleep, and when I awoke the morning

sunbeams were streaming in at the window. At noon the stranger opened her eyes; and what eyes they were, large, black, and tender! She glanced round at the bare walls and simple furniture, at me, with a frightened, pleading look and then closed them again. She lay long motionless. She was evidently recalling and arranging in her memory the events one after the other which preceded her plunge into the boiling waters. I did not utter a word to break her chain of ideas. At last opening her eyes again she gazed earnestly and spoke impetuously but musically. I knew she was questioning me by the intonation of her voice, but she spoke a strange language and I could not answer to be understood. I clasped her little hands in mine and spoke to her simple words of comfort, seeking to make my voice express the good will I felt.

She shook her head and burst into tears. This was also a phase which I knew she must pass through. So I waited patiently till her hopelessness should yield to the buoyancy of youth.

When she was quiet I brought her her clothes which I had hastily washed and ironed, and helped her to dress. She was a dainty little figure, whose every motion was grace. When she felt stronger I went with her to look at the corpses which were laid out in the town-hall for inspection before burial. Her tears fell plentifully, but she shook her head; they whom she sought did not lie there in silent state. Then we went from house to house to see the living who were saved from the wreck. She gazed anxiously into each face, then returned home with me and sat down at the window and gazed out upon the cruel ocean with a piteous look.

She was alone, and I was the only one upon whom she had a claim. The sea never gave up its dead, but I learned afterwards that it was her father whom she sought, and that *she was the last of her race.*

She had just left her convent school, and was as ignorant of any worldly or useful knowledge as my babe. She could sing like a canary bird, perform all the ceremonies of her Catholic religion, and embroider on any cloth the

most curious devices. I taught her to help me in the household, tend the baby, and cut and sew. Her natural abilities were good, and what she learned she did well and swiftly. But I soon gave up my plan of making a good house-keeper of her, and concluded I liked her better as she was.

There was no method or punctuality about her. She was like a flower blooming in the sunshine, and I tried to be contented that the flower was only beauty and perfume, and nothing more. She was like a bird flitting all day from twig to twig and singing, and I knew that when the bird sings it performs its uses as well as the wisest man.

Every day Mark and Henry Chase came to look after her. They who swept the oar and parted the waves with a fearless grace, were as clumsy as overgrown schoolboys in her presence. Losing their first timidity, they grew more bewildered every day by her beauty and grace. They who could not brook a rough word from their companions became slaves to Aimée's wit and caprice. My experienced eyes told me before they themselves were aware of it, that they both loved the girl with an equally strong worship.

While their love for Aimée increased, there, love for each other diminished, for they were rivals. I looked on, anxious for the peace of all three.

She said one day, "I cannot pray as you do. I must have a crucifix. Can you carve me one? In the convent Sainte Clara it was a thousand times more beautiful than in your church here, with its bare, colourless walls. I should so like to have something, such as I had then. Do you know how?"

"Yes," said Mark, "I have seen them in the old Spanish towns of South America, and I think I can make something that will do."

Henry said nothing. Both went to work to carve a crucified Christ, they who had been brought up in a Puritan hatred of Popery. The work grew slowly, but quite skilfully under their hands, Aimée superintending their work, with a kind of pleased awe. One day they came together, each with his offering.

"I like yours best, Henry," said Aimée.

Henry's face reddened and his face glowed with pleasure, but Mark's expression was lowering and wrathful. It was a decisive moment for the three. I think the lads felt that she had, to a certain extent, chosen between them; and, from that moment, the strong tie which had always bound them was severed. They were parted till life's discipline and bitter remorse brought them together again.

The same day Mark rowed alone out into the open sea and dropped his crucifix into the deep water. Telling me of his struggles long after he said—

"I had to get rid of it in some way; it was a constant witness of my defeat. But it had grown under my hands to be something more than a bit of carved wood. It was a thing which I could not quarrel about with my brother. I tried to bury it tenderly and respectfully, but I felt as if I was sinking all the brightness of my life into the ocean with it."

Aimée built a tiny white altar in her chamber, and mounted her crucifix upon it, and continued to worship in her own way. When I chid her for what seemed like idolatry to me, she replied—

"I come nearer to God by means of such emblems. I was brought up so, and know nothing better. I love you all just the same as if we had one faith."

I was silent, thinking of the old saying, "Many roads lead to Rome." And that no one heart can know all the wants and needs of another.

Aimée was perfectly childlike, and for a long time seemed unconscious that she was the cause of strife, and in the meantime the young men's feelings with regard to her returned to their former level, but the chasm between their own hearts widened. Aimée was a woman, and more than that a French-woman, and could not always remain blind to the homage which was being paid to her. She opened her eyes gradually to the fact, that in the same proportion as the twin brothers loved her, they hated each other. She never spoke of it to me, but all her pretty little ways vanished and she grew anxious and wavering.

One day she was sowing some morning glories close to the fence. Mark leaned over the pickets and exclaimed—

"Aimée, do you love me?"

There was a deep, pleading tone in his voice, which reached and thrilled me, even in my still watch behind the window curtain.

"Leave me," said Aimée, as she stopped scattering the seeds. "You want nothing of me, nor I of you."

"I want you to love me as well, aye, better than you love Henry," he continued, swinging the gate nervously with one hand.

"I love you both alike, and a thousand times better than you do each other. Leave off teasing me."

"Do you not love Henry better than me?"

"No."

There was a slight tremble in her voice, which he perceived; for love, when it questions, has a very nice ear for the accent of the answer.

"Do you love me?" he asked, in a harder tone. "You know what I mean?"

"First no, and then yes. You want me to be your wife, and I will not."

"Why not?"

"Because I do not love you."

"Then you do prefer my brother."

"How do you know?"

"Because you must love some one, and it must be him or me. You do not know any one else well enough. But you shall not love him, you shall not marry him, I will not have it. He has no right to steal your love from me."

His sentences were broken and his voice harsh.

She came in and sat down upon a chair, and I gave her a glass of water, for she was pale and trembling. Mark stood still, with one hand upon the gate, which he had closed, as if to make it more comprehensible to himself that a latch had fallen between him and his love. He bored his heel into the sand, and gazed with a moody, angry look upon the ocean. I pitied and feared the working features, whose profile traced sharp and clear against the blue sky. Henry came up behind him, but

he did not turn at the sound of his footsteps.

"Let go the gate, Mark; I want to go in."

"You've nothing to seek here. Go back home, Henry."

Then Mark faced his brother, frowningly. A great joy lit up Henry's eyes, for what he saw in Mark's face gave him hope. He quietly said,

"Let me pass, brother. I want to speak to Aimée."

"It is no use; she does not love you. She just said so."

"I will ask her myself."

"Henry, I hate you at the very thought of what might be! What shall I do if you win her?"

"But if you win, Mark?"

"We shall be enemies."

"Always."

There was something startling in the play of passion upon their young faces. Something in harmony with the vain beat of the surf, in the distance. It was more fearful because they were brothers, twin brothers.

Aimée wrung her hands for a moment irresolutely, and then she glided out into the garden, while I watched her from behind the curtain. In a moment, she stood, still and pale, close before the angry men.

"Make peace," she said, pleadingly.

"Aimée, do you not love me?" asked Henry, still outside the gate.

"No. I do not love either of you, because you are violent and hate each other. As you tear each other's hearts, so would you tear mine. Neither will I be the cause of such enmity between twin brothers. Be what you were to each other before you knew me. I will never be anything more to you, than I am now. *So Heaven help me!*"

She glided back again, and lay sobbing and trembling in my arms. The young men turned away without a word, but in opposite directions. They were too proud to plead longer; and, unbending themselves, could best recognise the strong will which sprang to life in the young girl as she stood before them, pale, but resolute and defiant.

"Do you love Mark?" I asked, when she was quieter.

"No!"

"Do you love Henry?"

She did not answer immediately, but clung more closely to me.

"See, dear Mrs. Malcolm," she said, at last, "if I had married either, the other might have done him harm. At the best, they would have been enemies all their lives. In the midst of their hating, they would still have yearned for each other, and would have ended by hating me, who was the cause of their estrangement. Besides, I do not believe they love me as well as they think. Jealousy of each other may have done a great deal towards making them so eager. As it is, they will soon forget me, and will be glad to return to each other."

"What will become of you?" I asked.

"I shall die. All the women of our family die of consumption. The first great sorrow developes it."

I smiled at her sudden determination, and did not believe that she would keep her word. I thought her woman's ingenuity would find some way out of her troubles. I could not conceive how a nature like hers, so clinging and joyous and fitful, could love, and sacrifice that love to something higher; how she could make a vow and keep it. Weeks and months passed, but she did not relent. Mark and Henry went to sea, each with the hope that absence would give him some advantage. She was glad when they were gone, and tried to sing again. But the change which I had noticed during some time, was now painfully contrasted with her attempt at gladness. I began to think there was a great deal in the frail girl which I did not understand, which I could not divine, not knowing her family or her people. There must have been a vein of heroism in her ancestors, which culminated and ended in her.

She was fading away slowly, but inevitably, without hopes or complaints. Indeed, there was in all she said and did, a serene satisfaction that it was so. What I thought was a girl's caprice, proved to be a settled purpose. What I held to be a strange prophecy, was probably only a conclu-

sion resulting from well-known family events. The girl so beautiful and joyous, apparently so well-fitted to be happy and to make others happy, faded and dimmed like a bright summer day, till the shadows of death reached over her, and she lay cold and still upon her white bed with her crucifix between her folded hands. Her last remark was, "I DID LOVE HENRY CHASE."

When Henry returned, he met his brother for the first time, in this room. As he entered, Mark rose from his seat at the window, and going towards him offered him his hand, saying:

"But for me, she might have loved you."

"If I had not been so violent, she might have been your wife," said Henry, with a choking sound in his throat.

They both left the house silently, and walked side by side up and down the beach till evening. The next day, they both left the town, and I never saw them again for twenty years, hearing from them only at long intervals.

Henry was a prosperous merchant, and Mark the popular captain of an Atlantic steamer. Each had won for himself a high position. The self-control and energy of purpose necessary to success, had sprung from their first great sorrow and error.

Twenty years after Aimée's death they brought their young wives here, and above Aimée's grave, told them of their first love, and of their first and last wild hate. Since then, instead of the simple cross, stands a white marble shaft, and on it are the words:

Aimée.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

JESUS CHRIST.

Who is this amazing figure of purity, of wisdom, of dignity, of calm and balanced courage, that amid the rank growths of contemporary un wisdom and superstition stands up in such immeasurable superiority above his generation—nay, not above his generation only, but above all generations? Who is this that, in the incredibly short space of three years, regenerated and redeemed a rapidly dying out and corrupting race? Who is it that—not from a throne or a

war horse, or from some literary pedestal of honour—but from a gibbet, has ruled over eighteen centuries, has transformed a world decaying under Roman Caesarism into the fresh youth and vigorous life that characterises modern Christendom, and has even forced from the lips of the most advanced critics and philosophers of our day such confessions as these almost identical with the language of Mr. John Stuart Mill?

"The teaching of Jesus carried morality to the sublimest point obtained, or even attainable, by humanity. The influence of his spiritual religion has been rendered doubly great by the unparalleled purity and elevation of his own character. Surpassing in his sublime simplicity and earnestness the moral grandeur of Chakymouni, and putting to the blush the sometimes sullied, though generally admirable, teaching of Socrates and Plato, and the whole round of Greek philosophers, he presented the rare spectacle of a life, so far as we can estimate it, uniformly noble and consistent with his own lofty principles, so that the imitation of Christ has become almost the final word in the preaching of his religion, and must continue to be the most powerful element of its permanence."

Such acknowledgment appears to us to concede almost all that we could desire; and we feel strongly inclined to ask pardon of our author for every hard word we have said of him. After all, "Thou O Galilean, hast conquered!" If this much can be said, if this absolutely amazing moral and historical miracle can be honestly allowed, we feel the most entire confidence that a little farther reflection will not permit our author to stop where he now is. Jesus of Nazareth is, assuredly, either a great deal more or a great deal less than the words just quoted claim for him. His pretensions were clear. He did not aim merely to found a new moral philosophy, or to add one new link to the ever-lengthening chain of ethical speculation. He claimed to found a religion—a thing which alone can bring the highest morals home to the poor, to the slaves, to the vast uneducated and uncivilised masses of mankind.—*Edinburgh Review.*



COLLEGE CHAPEL, STEPNEY GREEN, LONDON.

UNITARIANISM IN LONDON.

"To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first."

It was a great and solemn and worthy task to which Lindsey and others committed themselves, about one hundred years ago—the founding of churches for Unitarian Christian worship. It has succeeded, though slowly, and it will succeed. It may be interesting to our readers to know the position and prospects of our cause in the greatest city of the world. We may here premise, we cannot measure, in these days, the extent of the Unitarian doctrine and worship among the churches by the number of ministers and places in our almanac; we know other ministers and churches not recorded there as distinctly Unitarian in their teaching and worship as any in our list. We are persuaded the number of our churches in London, twenty-nine, attended by about four thousand people, and called Unitarian, very feebly represent the present Unitarian position in London. The same is, undoubtedly, true of other towns and the country at large. We are bound to admit that other sects have outstripped us in the race of founding churches; and in their zeal they have very justly merited greater success. But we very much question that in the same proportion as we have done they have leavened society with liberal views and feelings.

It is a hopeful sign among us that our associations are now more in earnest than ever to establish churches, and so they have aided during the past ten years efforts in ten different districts in London; five or six of these may now be said to be most hopeful of continuance.

This month we present an engraving of College Chapel, Stepney, a district in East London until recently entirely unknown to the Unitarian public. The editor of this paper has ministered here for about eighteen months. The school and congregation have very much increased. A new school-room is needed for the teaching of the young, and a gallery for the chapel. The chapel is the property of a gentleman who offers it to the congregation at the

price he paid for it. The purchase and the enlargements needed will amount to about £2000. Of this sum nearly £1200 have been promised. The people at Stepney have done their utmost; they are not wealthy, but of humble means, and now they ask the readers of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN to kindly give them some little help that they may have a church and school-room, free from debt, to carry on the work in which they are engaged. The payment of a promise to help can be made any time during the year 1876. David Martineau, Esq., of Christian-street, Commercial-road East, London, has kindly agreed to act as Treasurer.

THE WALL OF SNOW.

In the year 1812, when Buonaparte fled away from Moscow, and there were dreadful troubles all over Europe, there was a poor old woman who lived about a mile from the town with her daughter.

They lived in a cottage together, a little way off the road. They were expecting the time when the fierce Cossacks would be coming by, saying it was their road, and they must go that way. They were frightened about what the soldiers would do to them. The old woman was very pious; she did what I hope you will do when in fear and trouble: she said, "O God, be a wall around us!" Her grandson heard her, and laughingly said, "What does my grandmother mean by praying to God to be a wall around us?" The old woman was deaf, and she asked, "What is my grandson laughing at?" Being told, she said, "You will see!"

At last the time came; the enemy was to march near the spot; wherever they went they killed the cottagers, and did all kinds of wicked things. It was in the night that they passed this cottage. The old woman went to bed as usual, and when she arose in the morning the enemy had all marched by and they had not seen her dwelling, for in the beginning of the night there was a tremendous snowstorm, and the snow all drifted between the road and the old woman's cottage; and the troops going by could not see the cottage, so all passed, and did not even know a building was there!

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

"Stand still and consider the wonderful works of God."

THERE are times and seasons when nature, reason, and custom, invite us to pause from our common labours and pursuits, to break our ordinary train of thinking, and to suspend for a while that round of cares, of pleasures, and of business, in which our lives slide away with such wonderful and unfelt celerity. They bid us *stand still and consider*; for though the works of God and his intentions for men are written with so legible a finger that he who runs may read, yet he who runs seldom will read. Absorbed in a continual whirl of busy insignificance, the lives of most of us would glide along with a succession so uniform and unvaried, that we should never be led to any serious review of them, if our time was not dealt out to us in allotted portions, and measured by the stated revolutions of the seasons into separate periods of successive duration. It belongs only to the Supreme Being to consider all duration as one eternal now; to us it must appear in the different lights of past, present, and future. It must become the object of our computation by being divided into certain spaces and bounded by some visible land-mark; nay, it is parcelled out into the smallest divisions, and broken, as it were, to us with our daily bread, that nothing may be wasted. Of these different periods of time the most remarkable is the circle of the year, and it is therefore no less proper than usual to devote the beginning of it to reflection on ourselves and our actions, on God, and on his works. *Stand still*, therefore, that ye may *consider*.

It is usual, and the custom is not without great propriety, to direct a peculiar address to young people on the commencement of a new year; but I would rather, at this time, address myself to you of full and mature age, who have attained the middle period of life. There is a period when nature herself seems to pause, when, arrived at the summit of the hill, and neither impelled forward by the restless ardour of youth, nor as yet precipitated downwards by the weight of years, she *stands still*, and

with a commanding glance surveys the whole horizon; she casts her eye back to contemplate the past, darts it forward to anticipate the future; she pauses, reflects, compares, enjoys at once all her powers, stretches at once all her faculties, and then, if ever, displays the true image of a god upon earth. *Stand still*, therefore, since with you nature stands still. To bid youth stand still is often a vain precept. Impetuous passions, quick desires, and eager wishes, agitate their frame, and spring-tides of blood hurry them along. You might as well attempt to stop the rapid current of a river with your naked hand, as to arrest their career with sentences and maxims. But when the ebb approaches and the tide begins to turn, the flood is suspended in its course, and the lightest leaf will then stand still upon the billowy ridge. And if to stand still be thus natural to your time of life, to consider is not less so. Care and consideration, forethought and anxiety, all these you are naturally inclined to. How often have they diverted you from your sweet sleep and necessary refreshments! Are not your foreheads wrinkled with them even before the time? Have they not taken the place of the smiles and sports and gay fancies that used to surround you? Now, then, turn this disposition to account; now, then, consider not your worldly gains and losses, your worldly views and prospects, but things of infinitely more moment, and importance, more worthy to employ a rational mind—the works of God, the order of nature, the state and condition of your own souls. The mind has a wonderful power of assimilating itself to the objects with which it is conversant. If these objects are mean and low, it becomes debased and contracted; if, on the other hand, they are grand and noble, it expands and enlarges itself to fit the size of such exalted contemplations. Just as men who are accustomed to pore over minute and curious trifles, grow very accurate with respect to them, but withal, short-sighted; whereas those whose way of life leads them abroad to notice distant objects, an extensive landscape, ships under sail, the ocean, improve their faculty of sight, and can take in th

widest range of vision. Lift up then your eyes, which are so often bent upon the earth, and observe the wonders passing around you. Observe the majestic march of the seasons. How often have you seen summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, succeed each other in regular and beautiful vicissitude. They do not indeed always come as our impatient fancies would have them, for we are too apt to repine. We accuse the lingering summer and the drenching rains, the driving snow and cold easterly blasts, and tremble for our harvests with anxious solicitude, as if we feared upon every little disappointment or irregularity that the eternal order of nature would be broken, and her harmonious chain unloosed. But the seasons still return at their due periods; the winds are not spent with blowing, nor the sun dimmed with shining; the everlasting lamps have not wasted of their oil, and the bosom of the earth is still fair and fresh and fruitful as when she first came out of the hands of her great Creator. Shall all the wonders of nature pass before you, and will you not stop to consider them? Can you avoid admiring that wonderful economy by which every species of plants and animals is preserved, so that not the smallest, as we have reason to think, has been lost in the course of revolving ages? Whose hand, think you, holds the balance, and poises it with so nice a skill that one rank does not press or intrude upon another; that nothing is deficient, yet nothing superfluous, nothing wasted? What more wonderful than that so many kinds of animals should afford food to their fellow-animals, yet the food never fail nor the species ever be destroyed? What more surprising than the continual reproduction of the fruits of the earth from the very bosom of corruption and decay—than the pliability of the various elements and constituent parts of nature, when we want to fashion and convert them to our use, and their resistless force when they are roused to action in the great convulsions of the globe? What more wonderful than that, in the utmost shock and fury of fighting elements, their rage does not exceed a certain limit, that the ocean does not

swallow up the land, nor the land narrow the mighty ocean? Tell us, you that have seen many days, and who, in the course of them, have been witness to many pompous schemes of man blasted and broken to pieces, and noble families swept away, and the policy of kingdoms utterly changed—in all the years that have rolled over your heads, tell us, has the sun once forgot to trace his radiant circle through the sky; is there diminution of his light or abatement of his genial heat? Has the earth ever refused to return the seed which was committed to it, with fair increase? Has it not always brought forth grass for cattle, and herbs for the service of man? Has not summer always brought with it its wonted enjoyments, and winter its accustomed comforts? Have ye never stood still to consider and admire these things; or, rather can you ever see them without fresh and growing admiration? Many seasons have passed over you, and the stated changes of nature you have long been familiar with; yet which of you ever saw the *new year* without emotions of delight? Which of you can contemplate nature quickening again to life and vegetation after the torpid lethargy of winter, without feeling his heart bound with transport? The frequent sight of any earthly pageant satiates and wearies the eye, but who that is most familiar with the procession of months and seasons can view their returning pomp without new sentiments of admiration? Whom does not the sweet sound of the spring fill with spontaneous rapture? That pleasure, so pure, so innocent, which arises from the grateful impression of the works of nature, is the first that strikes the infant senses, and the last which cheers the gloom and languor of age. Cherish it, therefore, in your hearts; unite it with sentiments of gratitude and piety. Learn to see everything as the work of God. This sentiment will give animation to the stillest scene, and interest to the simplest. Seek for an increase of knowledge in the wheels that move the great machine, that you may admire with more understanding; for he who knows and considers most will adore most, and the theme, is inexhaustible.

But you have topics to engage your attention more interesting still. Stand still and consider the salvation of God wrought in you and for you. You that have been favoured with many years, can tell of many mercies. You have not lived so long without having many personal and many family blessings to be thankful for. You can speak of dangers escaped, of temptations overcome, of sicknesses healed, and sins forgiven. You can trace back your long line of life and find many blessings in it, which at the time were cutting mortifications; many escapes, which at the time were severe disappointments. How have your characters been brought out by afflictions and mellowed by the various discipline you have been obliged to pass through! Stand still and consider, and when, from the elevated post of observation you now occupy, the various scenes of your life pass in review before you, you will see events in a light in which at the time it was impossible you should see them; you will find yourselves now thankful for scenes in which you once thought it quite enough to be patient; past trials will be present triumphs; you will see that you were led by the hand when you have been ready to think yourselves utterly forsaken. How often has the arrow been turned aside from your path while you were singing carelessly along! How many circumstances can you recollect in which a choice, seemingly casual, has influenced the colour of your future life; in which an unpremeditated meeting, a word dropped accidentally, a train of thought kindled up by some slight and obscure circumstance, has sunk into your minds, and laid the deep foundations of habit and a course of action! If in your early years the principles of religion have taken, as I trust they have, deep root in your minds, you are now reaping its comforts. You have found by this time, or you have been little benefitted by experience, that they are the best comforts. Many enjoyments and pursuits you once were eager after, begin perhaps to sicken and pall upon your mind; and you have read the inscription of vanity upon earthly goods, which younger eyes cannot discern; but

have you ever found that the satisfactions of a good conscience are deceitful? Have the hopes of a future state sunk in their value?

Lastly, consider the works of God in his providences amongst the kingdoms of the world and in his church. In the course of years you have seen many changes, and can recount to the rising generation a long series of revolutions and events. You have seen the increasing light of science and religion spreading gradually over the world; a spirit of improvement, a spirit of inquiry, a spirit of humanity, visibly increasing; the monstrous edifice of superstition, the work of dark ages of cruelty and ignorance, shaken to its very foundations; and the iron rod of persecution broken. Perhaps you have been able to discern prophecies drawing towards fulfilment, and to catch a glimpse of the happy time when the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ. To this country, in particular, his mercies have flowed with such a full and unabating stream, that our happiness is now reckoned by the full period of revolving centuries. Not months or years, but successive generations, have rolled away, blest by law, order, and internal peace, almost without a cloud. Our liberty, that invaluable treasure, has gained by the hard struggle of our ancestors—descended to us like a fair inheritance, sanctified by prescriptive right and the indisputable tenure of long possession, and it concerns our honour now no less than our interest to preserve the precious patrimony. Religious liberty has kept pace with civil. Its principles have been thoroughly canvassed, are well understood, and placed upon the broadest basis.

Can you consider these things, and not see that they are the works of God? Let worldly politicians confine their speculations to the narrow views of a party; do you raise your mind to that great plan which is carrying on by the Ruler of the universe, and while you consider every event as his ordinance, this thought, while it will not destroy the interest we take in what passes around us, will effectually repress all corroding anxiety, and soften all our tran-

sient disappointments. The works of God are not like the works of man ; everything which he hath taken in hand will be brought to sure issues ; though *we* may not see it, *posterity* will. Every plan which God has formed for the virtue and happiness of his creatures, will be completed, for he doeth all his pleasure. To associate ourselves, therefore, to his schemes, is the only sure way not to be disappointed in our own wishes.

Consider, then, these things, and when by silent meditation and holy musing a fire is kindled within you, when your hearts are warmed, and your bosoms burn, then speak as well as think of the works of God. Break forth into praise, cry aloud, spare not, lift up your voice as a trumpet, tell the wonders you have seen, tell what you have felt. Be living chronicles of his acts. Upon you is devolved the honourable task of pointing out to the world and to posterity the various passages in nature or in providence which have passed under your observation ; let slip, therefore, no proper opportunity of making known to others that God who has been so richly manifested to you.

Finally, though you are to stand still and consider, you are not always to stand still. These seasons of contemplation are but the rests and pauses in an active life ; in this view they invigorate and refresh our strength ; but to stand still always would be to live to no purpose. We are called to co-operate with God in his works, by a vigorous discharge of the various duties which lie before us. We are not to content ourselves with being driven carelessly down the stream of time—we must strive and labour to gain the wished-for harbour. Let us be up and doing. A new year is before us. If it please God to spare our lives to the end of it, we have a new scene of action before us. Let us take care to fill, to crowd it with wise and virtuous actions. We may wish ourselves, and wish each other, a happy new year, but this is the only way we can take to make it so. We cannot discover whether this year shall be passed in health and prosperity, or whether it shall be filled with tears and

mourning. We do not know whether the arrow is not already gone forth to destroy our dearest comforts ; but we can determine it shall be virtuous ; this is left to our own option, not made dependent on seasons or changing fortune, and this is all. Have any of your past years been spent in the blank of indolence or the dissipations of folly ? Now then another year is offered you, with which to redeem the waste. Let every year be a fairer copy of the last. The preceding pages of your lives have been free from those deep blots which leave an indelible stain on the mind ; I well believe it : now then be still nicer in your care ; clear your conduct, your temper, your heart, from those little specks and trivial errors which still disgrace them, that they may have neither spot nor blemish, nor any such thing. Then shall this, as I sincerely wish it may to all of you, be a good new year, and this portion of time be reflected on with pleasure when all time and the name of time is lost in the boundless ocean of a happy eternity.

MY BIRTHDAY.

By SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Who is this who gently slips
Through my door, and stands and sighs,
Hovering in a soft eclipse,
With a finger on her lips
And a meaning in her eyes ?
Once she came to visit me
In white robes with festal airs,
Glad surprises, songs of glee ;
Now in silence cometh she,
And a sombre garb she wears.
Once I waited and was tired,
Chid her visits as too few.
Grownless now and undesired,
She to seek me is inspired
Often than she used to do.
Grave her coming is and still,
Sober her appealing mien,
Tender thoughts her glances fill ;
But I shudder, as one will
When an open grave is seen.
See, I hold my hand to meet
That cool, shadowy hand of thine ;
Hold it firmly, it is sweet—
Thus to clasp and thus to greet,
Though no more in full sunshine.
Come and freely seek my door,
I will open willingly ;
I will chide the past no more,
Looking to the things before,
Led by pathways known to thee.

OUR CHILDREN AND OUR FUTURE AS A CHURCH.

HISTORY informs us that when Catiline attempted to overthrow the liberties of Rome, he began by trying to corrupt the young men of that city, knowing if he could do that, his victory was sure.

We know the perpetuity and honour of a nation, kingdom, state, or church depends on the purity, fidelity, and correct principles, religious and political, of its young men and women; and these principles are planted, cultured, and formed in the home of childhood.

"Train up a child in the way it should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

How full of meaning, how comprehensive the word "train" in its various applications. Some men make a business of training; some train horses and some wild animals. Who has not heard of Rarey, the great horse tamer and horse trainer, who could make the wildest horse stand up or lie down at his bidding; and some men train horses to run for miles on a stretch without breaking their gait; and some train the great lion, the king of beasts, to obedience.

And the horticulturist trains the trees and shrubs, the flowers and vines; he grafts his slips and plants his seed, and just as soon as the tender shoots put forth he begins to train them over the arbour, or the lattice, in the direction he wants them to go, and the more he trains them the more symmetrical in beauty and strength they become, twining and clinging with so much strength around the support that the rudest storms are not able to dislodge or untwine them. Thus we see a little of what training will do in the animal and floral kingdoms.

Solomon, a great king, and the son of a king, said "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." We are inclined to believe that Solomon felt the great lack, the deplorable need of the training here spoken of in his own person; for we are informed that many of David's sorrows arose from his excessive indulgence to his children, and that excessive indulgence which Solomon received in his childhood and

youth, he extended beyond almost all limit in his manhood; hence we conclude he spoke from bitter experience. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Brothers and sisters of our Church, are we training our children up in the way we would have them to go? Are we using all the means that God has given us in trying to exemplify and teach our children the religion we profess? Are we careful to place them in our own schools, as far as we possibly can, where our faith is loved and respected? And above all, do we try every day in the home circle to train their tender hearts up to Christ? Are we faithful in our attendance at our Church, and do we now and then look into our Sunday-school? Do we read and explain to our children the Word of God, and ask Him in earnest prayer, in their presence, to bless us, and enable us to train them up in the way they should go?

Those of us who have arrived at middle age, and those who are further on life's journey, what do we find clinging to us, and we to it, with more tenacity than anything else? Our early education, our childhood's training!

"The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which our infancy knew."

"Oh those scenes with magic power,
Take us back to childhood's hour,
To that cot beside the sea,
Where we knelt at mother's knee."

In that dear old home some of us received object lessons, thank God, which time, with all its vicissitudes, can never dim. They were pictures hung in memory's gallery, never to be removed; object lessons taken from life, pictures of our fathers and mothers bowed at the family altar, with a row of little heads bent reverently around them, while they asked God in humble prayer to help them to train up their children in the way they should go; and what influence have these things had on our minds? It so trained and educated our faith in the Lord Jesus, that all the infidelity and scepticism, or irreligion in the world can never shake it.—*E. A. Bacon.*

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

" Largely Thou givest, precious Lord,
Largely Thy gifts should be restored;
Freely Thou givest, and Thy word
Is, freely give:

He only who forgets to hoard,
Has learned to live."

To give wisely and well is to double the happiness of the world. The human heart is like the heat and sunlight embedded in a block of coal, which are set free by a little warmth and light. It needs kindness to evoke kindness, as it needs heat to evoke heat. There are no funds or stocks into which you can put your savings so productive of interest and so teeming with satisfaction as kind and generous deeds. They never fail. They know no panic. We like the phrase of the good old book on the security for the repayment of both capital and interest, "The Lord will repay."

The season has now again come round for those numerous kind gifts which enliven so many homes and hearts. No one should ever allow it to pass without feeling he has laid his offering on the altar of the season and done his part to perpetuate the good custom of gifts. We must not only give to our children, but we must teach them as well to give to others. One of the first things in our own home is that our very little ones shall be taught to divide their presents and diffuse their joys. If you have but one child, teach your little one to give half its sweets or other gifts to your maiden or some one else. If more children than one, in turns make them the messengers to each other of every act of kindness of yours, and the mediator learns the spirit of the donor whence the bounties flow. It is very important to impress kindness on the hearts of the young, and you cannot do it in a more effective way than by teaching them the art of giving; and above all to be very kind to the poor.

It is very difficult at times to know what is best to give. We may never learn what is best. We must not wait for such transcendental knowledge. Let us give something, and to the best of our judgment. Sometimes a little fruit, or a small and beautiful flower, or some little picture, will please far more than even more expensive things. And all we aim is to please and to show kind

feeling, and strengthen kind feeling. Our nature needs these exercises, these moral gymnastics, as much as the lungs need air and the body exercise. We believe even little presents have done more to fill the human world with sunshine than any other things.

" Yes, I love you, little presents,

In your small array;

Stars of kindness, mildly beaming
Light upon my way.

" Oh, I value little presents;

They have potent sway

Over care, and pain, and sorrow,
Driving all away."

No doubt it is one of the divinest arts, the art of giving. What should we give? Surely what we think would best please. One of our ministers says, "Love does not merely give what is necessary or expected; it chooses to surprise by some unexpected present—something entirely uncalled for. A gift which expresses love carries gladness with it, and leaves gladness behind it, blessing him who gives and him who takes. Gifts among friends are pleasant: but I do not know that there is anything particularly Christian about them; and unless you take great care, they will suddenly become uncomfortable and lose their first freedom. They should never come to be expected. On the whole, people who love each other would better not give a great deal to each other. They have already given the best thing in loving each other. Suppose, then, we give only to strangers and the poor. There is great delight in giving when the gift comes unexpectedly, and when it goes a great way." And another says, "Next to things of necessity, the rule for a gift, which one of my friends prescribed, is, that we might convey to some person that which properly belonged to his character, and was easily associated with him in thought. But our tokens of compliment and love are for the most part barbarous. Rings and other jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd, his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture; the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing."

To a loving heart the way is always

clear. "But if we have not got love in the heart, what are we to do?" Ah, well, that is a sad condition, and must be got rid of; and the best recipe we can give is, "Go out and find the needy, and give, and relieve, and bless," and the God of love will ever look upon these actions as prayers, and will pour into your cold, hard heart the spirit of tenderness and love that will bless you all your days.

ANECDOTE OF HANDEL.

HANDEL was one of the most humorous of mortals, and, at the same time, one of the most irritable. Having occasion to bring out one of his oratorios in a provincial town of England, he began to look about for such material to complete the orchestra and chorus as the place might afford. One and another was recommended, as usual, as being a splendid singer, a great player, and so on. After a while such as were collected were gathered together in a room, and, after preliminaries, Handel made his appearance, puffing, both arms full of manuscript.

"Gentlemen," quoth he, "you all read manuscript?"

"Yes, yes," responded from all parts of the room.

"We play in the church," added an old man behind a violoncello.

"Very well, blay dis," said Handel, distributing the parts.

This done, and a few explanations delivered, Handel retired to a distant part of the room to enjoy the effect. The stumbling, fumbling, and blundering that ensued are said to have been indescribable. Handel's sensitive ear and impetuous spirit could not long brook the insult, and, clapping his hands to his ears, he ran to the old gentleman of the violoncello, and, shaking his fist furiously at the terrified man and the instrument, said:

"You blay in the church—very well—you may blay in de church—for we read de Lord is long suffering, of great kindness, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin; you sal blay in de church but you sal not blay for me," and, snatching together his manuscripts, he rushed out of the room, leaving his astonished performers to draw their own conclusions.

A RURAL DEAN ADOPTING UNITARIAN VIEWS.

THE REV. John Gunn, M.A., late Rector of Irstead, and Rural Dean in Norfolk, has just done what every honest man ought to do who is in the Church of England, or any other Church—resign a position he feels in conscience it is not honest to hold. We do not much wonder that Mr. Gunn has adopted Unitarian views, when we are informed on the face of his letter he was "Chaplain of his late Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex." He must have known the Duke was out of sympathy with the Church Articles, and, in fact, a Unitarian.

The pamphlet of Mr. Gunn's we have before us is in the form of a letter to his parishioners. The first few lines are touching. "During the forty years of my ministry I endeavoured to preach to you the doctrines of the Church of England faithfully, and I had hoped to have done so to the end of my days, but I became convinced that some of them were erroneous, and consequently, as soon as it was in my power, I resigned my preferment, and ultimately quitted the ministry. Those doctrines principally related to the fall of man and the corruption of human nature, the personality of Satan, and the eternity of punishment; and they appeared to me to have such a bearing upon the doctrines and tenets of the Church generally, that I had no alternative but to resign. It was a hard wrench for me to part from the place of my birth, the scenes of childhood, and of a mature and happy life; from a charming spot where almost every tree and shrub had been planted by myself; and, above all, from parishioners between whom and myself there ever had subsisted a most cordial feeling of goodwill.

"I did intend to have retired in silence, but the result of several years' reflection, and some warnings of illness to set my house in order, constrain me to endeavour to rectify the errors of my past teaching, and, following in the wake of the sublime poet and moral essayist 'to vindicate the ways of God to man.' I hope, too, to show that when popular Christianity is stripped of what is superstitious and untrue, there

will be a more solid foundation on which the good order of society and the happiness of mankind can be established. My object, therefore, in addressing you is not so much to pull down that which is faulty as to reconstruct that which is true."

After defending the goodness of God, and affirming his belief that Christ is not God, he says, "Let me in conclusion exhort you to seek the 'truth as it is in Christ Jesus.' No doubt he lived in a superstitious age, when the existence of legions of devils, and when supernatural births through the intervention of angels, and such like miracles, were accredited; but still his example shines all the brighter through the mist of a superstition, which really did not belong to him any more than mists belong to the sun, through which that luminary breaks so gloriously. The doctrine of Atonement may be said to resemble the mist; but Christ's example is real and splendid. I would entreat you, therefore, to cast aside whatever your consciences may tell you is false, for so will you rise to the real dignity of a man. What a drivelling object that person for the time becomes, however high his station, *who is compelled to read in public*, as true, such fabulous statements as I have above enumerated. Christ proclaimed *himself* as The Truth; and such is true religion."

ENEMIES OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

At a meeting of the Cork Diocesan Synod (of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland) held on October 15th, the Rev. Dr. Langley proposed the following resolution: "That this Synod, while it approves of the removal of the damnatory clauses from the Athanasian Creed, nevertheless doth most solemnly protest against the omission of those verses which affirm the necessity of belief in the doctrine of the ever Blessed Trinity, and the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, and doth most earnestly desire their reinsertion in the Creed, as intended to be publicly recited." His reason for proposing the resolution was simply this: "He found, when this Creed passed the General Synod, the most fearful state of misap-

prehension prevailed on the part of friends and foes of the Christian religion. He found on the part of the 'enemies of the Christian religion, such as the Unitarians,'" &c. These latter words have occasioned the following correspondence:—

"Reverend Sir,—In the *Cork Herald* of the 15th instant, you are reported to have used the following language at the Cork Diocesan Synod on the previous day.

"He found on the part of the enemies of the Christian religion, such as the Unitarians." Would you oblige me by saying whether the above is a correct report of your words, as I am most reluctant to believe that an educated clergyman can be on the one hand so narrow-minded as to identify the creed (so called) of Athanasius with the Christian religion, or on the other hand so historically ignorant as not to know that some of the ablest *friends* and defenders of the Christian religion, such as Sir Isaac Newton, John Milton, and John Locke, were Unitarians.

"I am, Reverend Sir, yours, &c.,

"W. WHITELEGGE,

"Presbyterian Minister, Cork.

"To the Rev. Dr. Langley,

"Rector of Kilworth, Co. Cork."

"The Glebe, Kilworth,

"20th October, 1875.

"Reverend Sir,—Your quotation from the *Daily Herald* fairly represented what I said at the Diocesan Synod. You say that you are 'reluctant to believe that an educated clergyman can be on the one hand so narrow-minded as to identify the creed (so called) of Athanasius with the Christian religion, or on the other hand so historically ignorant as not to know that some of the ablest *friends* and defenders of the Christian religion, such as Sir Isaac Newton, Milton, Locke, were Unitarians.' To this I would reply in the first place, that by Unitarians I presume you mean Socinians. If it be 'narrow-minded' to identify the creed of St. Athanasius with the Christian religion, that is a charge that can be brought against any member of the Church of Ireland, and against all the Churches which hold the

three great creeds or symbols of belief. Our 8th Article affirms that 'these creeds ought to be received and believed as they may be proved by most certain warrant of Holy Scripture.' As to being historically ignorant of the views of the eminent persons you mention, I have to say, that if they held opinions opposed to the great doctrine of the Atonement, and of the Redemption we have in Christ Jesus, then I am compelled to class them among the 'enemies of the Cross of Christ.' St. Paul warned the Galatian Church in these solemn words, 'If I or an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel unto you than that we have preached, let him be accursed'—what your own opinions are I have no means of knowing. I sincerely trust, however, that you have not so learned Christ; as Unitarians profess to have learned of Him—but that you have been taught by Him as the truth is in Christ Jesus, in whom alone we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sin.

"Yours faithfully,
"C. S. LANGLEY, D.D."

Other letters follow, in which Mr. Whitelegge adds:—

"You set up a standard between the Scriptures and the readers thereof, and you say, 'Bow down to this standard, or incur my anathema as enemies'—not, observe, of my standard, but 'of the Christian religion.' This is nothing less than Papal supremacy and infallibility, only immeasurably more unreasonable and inconsistent. The Church of Rome has at least a plausible show of reason in assuming authority over the meaning of the Holy Scriptures, of which for ages she was the sole guardian and interpreter. And she has more than the show of consistency in dictating and upholding a Creed, inasmuch as she professes to rest her claim on tradition as well as on Scripture. Whereas you, the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland, established and disestablished by Act of Parliament, base your Church on Scripture alone, protesting against the traditions of the Roman Catholic Church, and professing to prove your

creed, by 'most certain warrant of Holy Scripture.'

"Hereby you are constitutionally forbidden to set up a standard of infallibility and to lord it over God's heritage, as you attempt to do, when you make your creeds a criterion of Scripture doctrine. Unitarians, as you ought to have learned before you assailed them, do not teach any doctrine contrary to those in your three creeds, so far as those doctrines can be expressed in the language of the New Testament.

"They teach that there is One God the Father, and One Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God—the Son of Man—sent by His Father and Our Father—His God and Our God—to be the Mediator between God and man, and the Saviour of the world.

"They believe in the Holy Spirit, but they do not believe or teach each of these Three 'by Himself, to be God and Lord.' They do not believe nor teach that the Son is equal to the Father; for they are compelled by reason and by 'warrant of Holy Scripture' to believe that the Father is greater than the Son, that there is only One God, the Father, to whom Christ addressed his prayers, and directed his disciples to pray, saying, Our Father.

"While differing, however, from Trinitarians, and believing that they err seriously in substituting scholastic words (such as Trinity, God the Son) for those of Scripture—they do not presume to call them 'enemies of the Christian religion.'

"These being their principles, it was natural that they should congratulate the Church on the first decisive step she has taken for three centuries, towards a return to scriptural and primitive Christian simplicity—substituting for exclusive and damnable threats—the reasonable, charitable conditions thus indicated by our Saviour himself: 'Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.' 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if that ye love one another.' 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven.'"

AN EXQUISITE STORY BY
LAMARTINE.

In the tribe of Neggedeh there was a horse whose fame spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, whom he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out :

"I am a poor stranger ; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying ; help me ; heaven will reward you."

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse, and carry him home ; but the rogue replied :

"I cannot rise ; I have no strength."

Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out, as he did so :

"It is I, Daher. I have got the horse, and am off with him."

Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber.

"Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it ; but I do conjure you never to tell how you obtained it."

"And why not ?" said Daher.

"Because," said the noble Arab, "another might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped, as I have been."

Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

FOR the *twentieth* time we wish the readers of our little serial a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Since we first penned those words in our columns what vast changes have taken place ! Some of you whom we know were then the little children of your first home, nursed in the loving lap of dear parents, who are now in the home of the Eternal Parent : and you now have children of your own. God bless you and them, and may you all have much happiness in 1876 !

Not a few of you who first conned the pages of this journal were just being apprenticed to business ; and now you are men in middle life, of large and prosperous trade, and we are pleased to know that you are still interested in the pages of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN. In the year 1876 may your trade prosper, may your honest and incessant industry be the source of an income that may make you and yours happy, and enable you to do more and more good service in the Church and the world. Remember, no prosperity is to be compared with the soul's prosperity, and that happiness can nowhere be found if not in our homes and hearts. Therefore, let us all keep our homes pure and peaceful, and our hearts warm and loving, and the *acme* of human joy will be ours.

We all begin the year with good wishes and sincere prayers for the welfare of others. It is delightful to think of this wide-spread benevolence. It is not mere lip service at the shrine of other's good. There is an increasing desire all round the world for the happiness of mankind, and more is now done than in any previous age that mankind may be good and happy. And more may be done in 1876 than was done in 1875 for this benevolent end. We can all work more for each other, and worry ourselves less about clutching this world's wealth or honour for our own enjoyment. In proportion as we learn to live out of ourselves and for others, we shall have

"The peace
That nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy."

And A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

KINDS OF RICHES.—Rich men have commonly more need to be taught contentment than the poor. How true, "It is the mind that makes the body rich."

HARD TO BE TERSE.—Scott was asked why he had not written his "Life of Napoleon" in three volumes instead of nine. "I had not time," he answered."

REMEMBER.—A philosopher observes:—"Trying to run a household without love is like running a railroad train without grease, and many a 'hot box' is inevitable."

TOO PARTICULAR.—A little boy, after his customary evening prayer, a night or two ago, continued—"And bless mamma and Jenny and uncle Ben," adding, after a moment's pause, the explanatory remark, "his name is Hopkins."

CHRISTIAN FAITH.—Christian faith, says Hawthorne, is a grand cathedral with divinely pictured windows. Standing *without*, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing *within*, each ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendour.

NEGRO LIFE.—Some of the statisticians who are investigating negro life have found that the race, above all others, abhors suicide. Only two cases have been recorded on the police book of Richmond, Va., for several years. There are a great number of negroes in this town.

PITCH LOWER.—There are many people who do not get on because they pitch their ideas of living so far beyond their means, like a worthy lady, somewhat advanced in years, who began the well-known hymn:—

"My soul, be on thy guard;

Ten thousand foes arise."

She began in shrill quavers, but it was pitched too high. "Ten thousand—ten thousand!" she screeched—and then she stopped. "Start her at 5000," exclaimed a converted stockbroker who happened to be present.

MR. SPURGEON'S COLLEGE.—At the late anniversary, a good story was told by Mr. Spurgeon of the earlier days of his training-college for ministers. At their first gathering, at Kingsgate-street, a passer-by, observing a large number of very intelligent looking men entering the chapel, stopped one of them, and asked what was the meaning of it. "What is going on?" he inquired; "is it a meeting of the Inns of Court?" "No, you are quite out," was the answer; "we are not lawyers at all." "Well, then, is it the Royal College of Surgeons?" "You are not so far wrong this time," said the brother, "for it is the Royal College of Spurgeon's."

A DOG'S FIDELITY.—After the little body of a child was transferred from one lot to another in the New Haven cemetery, a short time since, a little black-and-tan dog belonging to the deceased lay down on the mound, and could not be driven or coaxed away; and at last accounts was still keeping faithful watch.

HOW HE PRAYED.—An interesting little boy, timid when left alone in a dark room, was overheard by his mother recently to say in his loneliness:—"O Lord, don't let anybody hurt me, and I'll go to church next Sunday, and give you some money." We have heard old boys pray in a very similar strain.

A SPIRIT CIRCLE.—We have often deplored the trifling and ridiculous answers from the spirit world, such as the following, when the question was proposed, "How long is it going to rain?" was "The clouds keep pouring out water; and so long as the clouds keep pouring out water it will rain." And then they knew all about it.

RECEIPT FOR HEAVEN.—The Buddhist receipt for getting to heaven is to read incessantly. In one of the Japanese cemeteries is an inscription, in which a sinner who had read 3000 theological books was promised a blessed immortality! The Christian substitute would be in hearing 3000 sermons—a not uncommon achievement in Christendom.

SPECIMENS.—A college professor encouraged his geology class to collect specimens, and one day they deposited a piece of brick, streaked and stained, with their collections, thinking to impose on the doctor. Taking up the specimens the professor remarked, "This is a piece of baryta from the Cheshire mines." Holding up another, "This is a piece of feldspar from the Portland quarries, and this," coming to the brick, "is a piece of impudence from some member of the class."

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